

Shakspeare's
KING RICHARD THE SECOND;
AN HISTORICAL PLAY.

ADAPTED TO THE STAGE,
WITH ALTERATIONS AND ADDITIONS,
BY
RICHARD WROUGHTON, ESQ.

AND PUBLISHED AS IT IS PERFORMED AT
The Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane.

LONDON:
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1815.

[*Price Two Shillings and Sixpence.*]

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Play of Richard the Second, has been hitherto neglected by the Managers of the London Theatres, being considered too heavy for representation:— as it stood, it certainly was so, and might also be felt as bordering too much on the Mono-drama. That so exquisite a production of our immortal Bard, should not grace, among his other works, the Boards of our National Theatres, was almost *Theatrical Treason*. The present attempt has been made by a few alterations and additions (and those taken from the writings of Shakespear), to rescue it from neglect. Whoever is curious, may find the introduced passages in the plays of Henry the Sixth, Titus Andronicus, and King Lear; other lines are here and there necessarily interpolated. The event has justified the deed; and, like Colley Cibber's alteration of Richard the Third, now acted at both Theatres, the Tragedy of Richard the Second will also most probably long keep possession of the English Stage. It has likewise given an opportunity of fully evincing the complete powers and distinguished judgment of a young Actor, Mr. Kean, whose merit is deservedly rewarded by the loudest plaudits of a discriminating Publick.

March, 1815.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

<i>King Richard the Second,</i>		Mr. Kean.
<i>John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster,</i>		} Mr. Pope.
<i>Duke of York,</i>		
<i>Bolingbroke,</i>		Mr. Holland.
<i>Duke of Norfolk,</i>		Mr. Elliston.
<i>Earl of Northumberland,</i>		Mr. Rae.
<i>Earl of Aumerle,</i>		Mr. Powell.
<i>Harry Percy,</i>		Mr. Wallack.
<i>Earl of Salisbury,</i>		Mr. Barnard.
<i>Lord Ross,</i>		Mr. Elrington.
<i>Bishop of Carlisle,</i>		Mr. Maddocks.
<i>Lord Berkley,</i>		Mr. Marshall.
<i>Lord Willoughby,</i>		Mr. Miller.
<i>Sir Stephen Scroop,</i>		Mr. Evans.
<i>Sir Piers Exton,</i>		Mr. Carr.
<i>Bushy,</i>		Mr. Waldegrave.
<i>Green,</i>		Mr. Fisher.
<i>Bagot,</i>		Mr. Crooke.
<i>Captain,</i>		Mr. Buxton.
<i>First Gardener,</i>		Mr. Cooke.
<i>Second Gardener,</i>		Mr. Gattie.
<i>Officers,</i>		Mr. Hughes.
<i>Keeper,</i>		} Messrs. I. West and Ebsworth.
<i>Groom,</i>		
<i>The Queen,</i>		Mr. Ray.
<i>Blanche,</i>		Mr. Chatterley.
<i>The Queen,</i>		Mrs. Bartley.
<i>Blanche,</i>		Miss Poole.

Ladies, Attendants, &c. &c.

SCENE,—England and Wales.

KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The Court.

Enter King RICHARD, JOHN of GAUNT, &c.

King Rich. OLD John of Gaunt, time honour'd Lancaster,
Hast thou, according to thy oath and bond,
Brought hither Henry Hereford, thy bold son,
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal
Which then, our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded
him,
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily, as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could sift on that argument,
On some apparent danger seen in him,
Aim'd at your highness, no invet'rate malice.

K. Rich. Then call them to our presence; face
to face,
The frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
Th' accuser, and the accused, freely speak.

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High stomach'd are they both, and full of ire ;
In rage, deaf as the sea ; hasty as fire.

*Enter NORFOLK and BOLINGBROKE, &c. from
opposite sides.*

Bol. May many years of happy days befall
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege.

Norf. Each day still better other's happiness ;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown.

K. Rich. We thank you both : yet one but
flatters us,

As well appeareth by the cause you come ;
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.

Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray ?

Bol. First (Heaven be the record of my
speech)

In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tend'ring the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely presence.—

Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well ; for what I speak,
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heav'n.

Thou art a traitor and a miscreant ;
Too good to be so, and too bad to live.

Once more, the more to aggravate thy soul,
With a foul traitor's name, stuff I thy throat,
And wish (so please my sovereign) ere I part,
What my tongue speaks, my right drawn sword
may prove.

Norf. Let not my cold words here accuse my
zeal,

'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,

Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain ;
The blood is hot, that must be cool'd for this.
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be hush'd, and nought at all to say:
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me,
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech ;
Which else would post, until it had return'd
The terms of treason doubl'd down his throat.
Setting aside his high blood, and his royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
I do defy him (and I spit at him) :
Call him a slanderous coward and a villain ;
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds,
And meet him, were I ty'd to run afoot,
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where ever Englishman durst set his foot:
Meantime, let this defend my loyalty:
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

Bol. Pale, trembling coward, there I throw my
gage,
Disclaiming here the kindred of a king,
And lay aside my high blood's royalty ;
(Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except :)
If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength,
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop ;
By that, and all the rites of knighthood else,
I will make good against thee, arm to arm,
What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.

Norf. I take it up, and by that sword I swear,
Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoul-
der,

I'll answer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial.

K. Rich. What doth our cousin lay to Mow-
bray's charge ?

It must be great, that can inherit us
So much as of a thought of ill in him ?

Bol. Look, what I speak my life shall prove it
true ;—

That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles,
In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,
Like a false traitor, and injurious villain.

Besides I say, and will in battle prove,
That all the treasons, for these eighteen years,
Complotted and contrived in this land,
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and
spring.

Further I say, that he did plot the duke'
Of Gloster's death ; and further will maintain
Upon his bad life, to make all this good :

“ And, by the glorious worth of my descent,

“ This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

“ *K. Rich.* How high a pitch his resolution
“ soars !—

“ Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this ?

“ *Norf.* O let my sovereign turn away his face,

“ And bid his ears a little while be deaf,

“ Till I have told this slander of his blood,

“ How heav'n, and good men, hate so foul a liar.

“ *K. Rich.* Mowbray, impartial are our eyes
“ and ears ;

“ Were he our brother, nay, our kingdom's heir,

“ As he is but our father's brother's son,

“ Now by my scepter's awe I make a vow,

“ Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood,

“ Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize

“ The unstooping firmness of my upright soul.”

Norf. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy
heart,

Through the false passage of thy throat, thou
ly'st !

Three parts of that receipt I had from Calais,
Disburs'd I duly to his highness' soldiers ;
The other part reserv'd I by consent,
For that my Sovereign was in my debt,
Upon remainder of a dear account,
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen :
For Gloster's death,—
I slew him not ; but, to my own disgrace,
Neglected my sworn duty in that case :
As for the rest appeal'd,
It issues from the rancour of a villain,
A recreant and most degenerate traitor :
Which in myself I boldly will defend,—
And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this over-weening traitor's foot,
To prove myself a loyal gentleman,
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom ;
In haste whereof, most heartily I pray
Your highness to assign our day of trial.

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd
by me,

Let's purge this choler without letting blood :
Forget, forgive ; conclude, and be agreed.
Good uncle, let this end where it arose ;
We'll calm the duke of Norfolk, you your son.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace, best my age be-
comes :

Throw down, my son, the duke of Norfolk's
gage.

K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.

Norf. Myself, I throw, dread sovereign, at
your feet,

My life thou shalt command, but not my shame :
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here,
Pierc'd to the soul, with slander's venom dart ;
The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood
Which breath'd this poison.

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K. Rich. Rage must be withstood:

Give me his gage:—lions make leopards tame.

“*Norf.* Yea, but not change his spots—take
“ my disgrace,

“ And I resign my gage.—My dearest sire,

“ The purest treasure mortal times afford,

“ Is—spotless reputation; that once lost,

“ Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.

“ Mine honour is my life: both grow in one;

“ Take honour from me, and my life is gone.

“*K. Rich.* Cousin, do you begin throw up
“ your gage.

“*Bol.* O heaven defend me from so deep a sin!

“ Shall I seem crest-fall’n in my father’s presence,

“ Or with pale beggar fear impeach my height,

“ Before this out-dar’d dastard? Ere my lips

“ Shall wound my honour with such feeble wrong,

“ Or sound so base a parole, my teeth shall tear

“ The slavish motive of recanting fear,

“ And spit it bleeding, even in Mowbray’s face.”

K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but to
command;

Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Draw near, and list what, with our council, we
have done,

For that our kingdom’s earth shall not be soil’d,
With that dear blood which it hath foster’d;

And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect

Of civil wounds, plough’d up with neighbour
swords;

And for we think the eagle-winged pride

Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,

With rival hating envy, set you on

To wake our peace, which in our country’s cradle

Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep,

Therefore we banish you our territories:

You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of death,

Till twice five summers have enrich’d our fields,

Shall not regret our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Bol. Your will be done : this must be my comfort,

That sun that warms you here, shall shine on me;
And those his golden beams here lent to you,
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,

Which I with some unwillingness pronounce.

The fly-slow hours shall not determinate

The dateless limit of thy dear exile.

The hopeless word of—never to return—

Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

Norf. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,

And all unlook'd-for from your highness' mouth :

The language I have learnt these forty years,

My native English, I must now forego ;

And now my tongue's use is to me no more

Than an unstringed viol or a harp.

A dearer merit, not so deep a maim,

As to be cast forth in the common air,

Have I deserved at your highness' hand ;

Then thus I turn me from my country's light,

To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

[*Going.*]

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee—

Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands—

Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven,

To keep the oath that we administer :

You never shall (so help you Truth and Heaven)

Embrace each other's love in banishment ;

Nor ever write, regret, nor reconcile,

This low'ring tempest of your home-bred hate,

Nor ever by advised purpose meet,

To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

Bol. I swear.

Norf. And I, to keep all this.

Farewell, my liege—if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven banish'd, as from hence.

Now no way can I stray,—

Save back to England, all the world's my way.

[*Exit* NORFOLK.]

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy grieved heart: thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd four away; six frozen winters o'er,
Return with welcome home from banishment.

Bol. How long a time lies in one little word;
Four lagging winters, and four wanton springs,
End in a word—such is the breath of kings.

Gaunt. I thank my liege, that, in regard of me,
He shortens four years of my son's exile;
But little vantage shall I reap thereby:
For ere the six years that he hath to spend
Can change their moons, and bring their times
about,

My oil-dry'd lamp, and time-bewasted light,
With age and endless night shall be extinct.

K. Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice;
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lour?
Cousin, farewell, and, uncle, bid him so—
Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

[*Flourish.*]

[*Exit* King, &c.]

Aumerle. Cousin, farewell;
From where you do remain, let paper show.

Mar. My lord, no leave take I, for I will go
As far as land will let me by your side.

Gaunt. O, to what purpose dost thou hoard
thy words,

That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?

Bol. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office should be prodigal
To breathe the abundant dolour of my heart.

Gaunt. What is six winters? they are quickly
gone:

Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.

Bol. My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home return.

Bol. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make
Will but remind me what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.

Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven
visits,

Are to a wise man, ports and happy havens.

Teach thy necessity to reason thus:

There is no virtue like necessity.

Think not the king did banish thee, my son,
But thou the king: Woe doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne;

And gnarling sorrow hath less power to hurt
The man that mocks at it, and holds it light.

Bol. O, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?

Or cloy the hungry eye of appetite,

By bare imagination of a feast?

Or wallow naked in December snow,

By thinking on fantastick summer's heat?

O, no! the apprehension of the good,

Gives but the greater feeling to the worse.

Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee
on thy way.

Bol. Then, England's ground, farewell, sweet
 soil, adieu !
 My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet !
 Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,—
 Though banish'd, yet a true-born Englishman.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Chamber in the King's Castle.

*Enter King RICHARD, GREEN, BAGOT, and
 AUMERLE.*

K. Rich. We did observe.—Cousin Aumerle,
 How far brought you high Hereford on his way ?

Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call
 him so,
 But to the next highway, and there I left him.

K. Rich. What said our cousin, when you
 parted with him ?

Aum. Farewell :
 And for my heart disdained that my tongue
 Should so prophane the word, that taught me
 craft
 To counterfeit oppression of such grief,
 That words seem bury'd in my sorrow's grave.
 Marry, would the word farewell have lengthen'd
 hours,

And added years to his short banishment,
 He should have had a volume of farewells ;
 But, since it would not, he had none of me.

K. Rich. He is our kinsman, cousin : but 'tis
 doubt,
 When time shall call him home from banishment,
 Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
 Ourself, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,
 Observ'd his courthip to the common people :—

How he did seem to dive into their hearts,
 With humble and familiar courtesy :
 What reverence did he throw away on slaves,
 Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles,
 And patient underbearing of his fortune,
 As 'twere to banish their affects with him.
 Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench ;
 A brace of draymen bid—God speed him well,
 And had the tribute of his supple knee,
 With,—thanks, my countrymen, my loving
 friends ;—

As were our England in reversion his,
 And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

Green. Well, he is gone ; and with him go
 these thoughts :

Now for the rebels, which stand out in Ireland :
 Expedient manage must be made, my liege,
 Ere further leisure yield them further means,
 For their advantage, and your highness' loss.

K. Rich. We will ourself in person to this war.
 And, for our coffers—with too great a court,
 And liberal largess—are grown somewhat light,
 We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm ;
 The revenue whereof shall furnish us
 For our affairs in hand : If that come short,
 Our substitutes at home shall have blank char-
 ters ;

Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
 They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,
 And send them after to supply our wants ;
 For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter BUSHY, hastily.

Bushy, what news ?

Bush. Old John of Gaunt is sick, my lord ;
 Suddenly taken ; and hath sent post-haste,
 To entreat your majesty to visit him.

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K. Rich. Where lies he ?

Bush. At Ely-house.

K. Rich. Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him.

Now put it, heaven, in his physician's mind,

To help him to his grave immediately.

The lining of his coffers shall make coats,

To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Chamber in Ely-House.

GAUNT, *upon a Couch*; the Duke of YORK,
Attendants, &c. discovered.

Gaunt. WILL the king come? that I may
breathe my last,
In wholesome counsel to his unstay'd youth?

York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with
your breath;
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

Gaunt. O, but they say, the tongues of dying
men
Enforce attention, like deep harmony:
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in
vain:

Though Richard, my life's counsel would not
heed,
My death's sad tale, may yet undeaf his ear.

York. No; it is stopp'd with other flattering
sounds;
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
(So it be new, there's no respect how vile),
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?

Then all too late comes counsel to be heard—
Direct not him, whose way himself will choose.

Gaunt. Methinks, I am a prophet new in-
spir'd;

And thus, expiring, do foretel of him:
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last;
For violent fires soon burn out themselves:

Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
 Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
 This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
 This fortress built by Nature for herself,
 Against infection, and the hand of war;—
 This happy breed of men, this little world,
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,
 Which serves it in the office of a wall,
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,
 Against the envy of less happier lands;—
 This blessed plot, this earth, this England,
 Dear for her reputation through the world,
 Is now leas'd out (I die pronouncing it)
 Like to a tenement or pelting farm :
 England, bound in by the triumphant sea,
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
 Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
 With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds;—
 That England, that was wont to conquer others,
 Hath made a shameful conquest of herself :
 O, would the scandal vanish with my life,
 How happy then were my ensuing death.

York. Here comes the king : deal mildly with
 his youth.

Enter King RICHARD, BUSHY, BAGOT, GREEN,
 ROSS, AUMERLE, *and* WILLOUGHBY.

K. Rich. How fares our noble uncle Lancaster ?
 What comfort, man ? How is't with aged Gaunt ?

Gaunt. How well that name befits my com-
 position !

Old Gaunt, indeed ! and gaunt in being old :
 Ill in myself, and seeing thee too ill,
 Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy land,
 Wherein thou ly'st in reputation sick ;
 And thou, too careless patient as thou art,

Giv'st thy anointed body to the cure
Of those physicians that first wounded thee.
A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head ;
And yet incaged in so small a verge,
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.
O, had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,
Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,
From forth thy reach, he would have laid thy
shame,
Deposing thee before thou wert possest,
Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.
Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
It were a shame, to let this land by lease :
Landlord of England art thou now, not king :
Thy state of law is bond-slave to the law ;
And thou——

K. Rich. A lunatick, lean-witted fool,
Presuming on an ague's privilege,
Dar'st with thy frozen admonition,
Make pale our cheeks, chasing the royal blood,
With fury from his native residence.
Now by my seat's right royal majesty,
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head,
Should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders.

Gaunt. O, spare me not, my brother Edward's
son,
For that I was his father Edward's son ;
That blood already, like the pelican,
Hast thou tapp'd out, and drunkenly carous'd :
My brother Gloster, plain, well-meaning soul,
(Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls!)
May be a precedent and witness good,
That spilling Edward's blood thou not respect'st :
Join with the present sickness that I have,

And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
 To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower ;
 These words hereafter thy tormentors be !
 Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee !
 Convey me to my bed, for I am faint.

*[Exeunt, led in to an inner Apartment,
 follow'd by NORTHUMBERLAND, &c.]*

York. I do beseech your majesty, impute
 His words to wayward sickliness and age.
 He loves you, on my life, and holds you dearly too,
 As Harry duke of Hereford, were he here.

K. Rich. Right ; you say true : as Hereford's
 love, so his :
 As theirs, so mine ; and all be as it is.

Re-enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him
 to your majesty.

K. Rich. What says old Gaunt ?

North. Nay, nothing ; all is said :
 A stringless instrument his tongue is now,
 Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so
 doth Gaunt ;
 His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be.
 So much for that.—Now for our Irish wars :
 We must supplant these rough rug-headed kerns ;
 Which live like venom, where no venom else,
 But only they, hath privilege to live.
 And for these great affairs do ask some charge,
 Towards our assistance, we do seize to us
 The plate, coin, revenues and moveables,
 Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.

York. O, my liege,
 Pardon me, if you please, if not, I, pleas'd
 Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
 Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands,

The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford ?
 Is not Gaunt dead, and doth not Harry live ?
 Was not Gaunt just ? and is not Harry true ?
 Did not the one deserve to have an heir ?
 Is not his heir a well-deserving son ?
 Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time
 His charters and his customary rights ;
 Let not to-morrow then ensue to day ;
 Be not thyself, for how art thou a king,
 But by fair sequence and succession ?
 Now, afore heav'n (heav'n forbid, I say true !)
 If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
 Deny his livery and his offer'd homage,
 You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
 You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
 And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
 Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. Rich. Think what you will, into our hands
 we seize

His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

York. I'll not be by the while : my liege, fare-
 well ! [Exit YORK.]

K. Rich. Go, Bushy, to the earl of Wiltshire
 straight ;

Bid him repair to us to Ely-house,
 To see this business : to-morrow next,
 We will for Ireland ; and 'tis time, I trow ;
 And we create, in absence of ourself,
 Our uncle York, lord governor of England ;
 For he is just, and always lov'd us well.
 Come on, my friends ; to-morrow must we part ;
 Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

[Flourish.]

[Exeunt all, except NORTHUMBERLAND,
 WILLOUGHBY, and ROSS.]

“ *North.* Well, lords, the duke of Lancaster
“ is dead.

“ *Ross.* And living too : for now his son is
“ duke.

“ *Will.* Barely in title, not in revenue.

“ *North.* Richly in both, if justice had her right.

“ *Ross.* My heart is great ; but it must break
“ with silence,

“ Ere ’t be disburthen’d with a lib’ral tongue.

“ *North.* Tends that thou’dst speak to the
“ duke of Hereford ?

“ If it be so, out with it boldly, man ;

“ Quick is mine ear, to hear of good towards him.

“ *Ross.* No good at all, that I can do for him ;

“ Unless you call it good, to pity him,

“ Bereft and stripp’d thus of his patrimony.”

North. Now, afore heaven, ’tis shame such
wrongs are borne ;

The king is not himself, but basely led

By flatterers ; and what will they inform,

Merely in hate, ’gainst any of us all,

That will the king severely prosecute

’Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

Ross. The earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in
farm ;

The king’s grown bankrupt ; like a broken man,

Reproach, and dissolution, hangeth o’er him.

“ *North.* But, lords, we hear this fearful tem-
“ pest sing,

“ Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm.

“ *Ross.* We see the very wreck that we must
“ suffer,

“ And unavoided is the danger now,

“ For suffering so the causes of our wreck.

“ *North.* Not so ; even through the hollow
“ eyes of death,

“ I spy life peering : but I dare not say

“ How near the tidings of our comfort is.

Will. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as
“ thou dost ours.

Ross. Beconfident to speak, Northumberland;
“ We three are but thyself; and speaking so,
“ Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore be
“ bold.”

North. Then thus: I have from Port-le-blanc,
a bay

In Bretagne, receiv'd intelligence,
That Harry Hereford, Reignold lord Cobham,
The archbishop, late of Canterbury; his nephew,
That late broke from the duke of Exeter;
Sir Thomas Erpingham, sir Thomas Ramston;
All these well furnish'd by the duke of Bretagne,
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore;
Perhaps they had ere this; but that they stay
The first departing of the king for Ireland.
If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our scepter's gilt,
And make high majesty look like itself,
Away, with me, in post to Ravenspurg;

“ But if you faint, as fearing the success,

“ Stay and be secret, and myself will go.”

Ross. To horse, to horse, urge doubts to those
that fear.

North. Hold out our horses, and we'll soon be
there. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

*A Chamber in the Palace.**Enter Queen, and Lady.*

Lady. Madam, your majesty is too much sad ;
 You promis'd, when you parted with the king,
 To lay aside self-harming heaviness,
 And entertain a cheerful disposition.

Queen. To please the king I did ; to please
 myself,
 I cannot do it ; yet I know no cause
 Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
 Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
 As my sweet Richard : yet, again, methinks,
 Some unborn sorrow, ripe in Fortune's womb,
 Is coming towards me ; and my inward soul
 With nothing trembles, yet at something grieves,
 More than with parting from my lord the king.

Lady. Each substance of a grief hath twenty
 shadows,
 Which shew like grief itself, but are not so :
 For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
 Divides one thing entire to many objects ;
 Like perspectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon,
 Shew nothing but confusion ; ey'd awry,
 Distinguish form : so your sweet majesty,
 Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
 Finds shapes of grief, more than himself, to wail ;
 Which look'd on as they are, are nought but
 shadows

Of what it is not. Weep not then, my queen.

Queen. It may be so ; but yet my inward soul
 Persuades me otherwise. Howe'er it be,
 I cannot but be sad.

Enter GREEN.

Green. Heaven save your majesty.
I hope the king is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.

Queen. Why hop'st thou so? 'tis better hope
he is:

For his designs crave haste:
Then wherefore dost thou hope, he is not shipp'd?

Green. The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals him-
self,

And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd
At Ravenspurg.

Queen. Now heaven forbid!

Green. Ah, madam, 'tis too true; and what
is worse,

The lord Northumberland, his young son Henry,
The lords of Ross, Beaumond and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

Queen. Why have you not proclaim'd Nor-
thumberland,

And all of that revolting faction, traitors?

Green. We have; whereon the earl of Wor-
cester

Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him to
Bolingbroke.

Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife to my
woe,

And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir:
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy;

"And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,
"Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd."

Green. Despair not, madam.

Queen. Who shall hinder me?

I will despair, and be at enmity
With coz'ning hope; he is a flatterer,

A parasite, a keeper back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

[*Flourish.*]

Enter YORK, BUSHY, BAGOT, &c.

Uncle, for heaven's sake, comfortable words.

York. Should I do so, I should bely my
thoughts ;

Comfort's in heaven, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, care, and grief.
Your husband he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home :
Here am I left to underprop this land,
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself :
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made,
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My lord, your son was gone before I
came.

York. He was ?—Why, so !—go all which way
it will !—

The nobles they are fled, the commons sold,
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.
God for his mercy ! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once !
What, are there posts dispatch'd for Ireland ?
Gentlemen, will ye muster men ? If I know
How or which way to order these affairs,
Thus most disorderly thrust into my hands,
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen,
The one's my sovereign, whom both my oath,
And duty, bids defend : th' other again,
He is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd ;

Whom conscience and my kindred bids me right.
Well, somewhat we must do.—Come, cousin, I'll
Dispose of you:—Go, muster up your men;
And meet me presently at Berkley castle.

[*Exeunt* GREEN, BAGOT, BUSHY, &c.]

Queen. Oh, noble York, my heart is drown'd
with grief,

Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes;
My body round engirt with misery,
For what's more miserable than discontent?
Oh, my lov'd Richard!

What low'ring star now envies thy estate,
That these great lords, with haughty Bolingbroke,
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life!
Thou never did'st them wrong, nor no man wrong;
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do nought but wail her darling loss,
Even so myself bewail my Richard's case—
With sad unhelpful tears, and with dimm'd eyes
Look after him, and cannot do him good,
So mighty are his vowed enemies.
His fortunes I will weep, and 'twixt each groan,
My bursting heart will make our sorrows known.

[*Flourish.*]

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The Wilds in Glostershire.

*Enter BOLINGBROKE and NORTHUMBERLAND,
with Forces.*

Bol. How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now ?

North. I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire.
These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome—
“ And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
“ Making the hard way sweet and delectable.”
But I bethink me, what a weary way
From Ravenspurg to Cotswold, will be found
In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company ;
Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd
The tediousness and process of my travel.

Bol. Of much less value is my company
Than your good words.—But who comes here ?

Enter HARRY PERCY.

North. It is my son, my lord, young Harry
Percy,
Sent from my brother Worcester ; whencesoever
Harry, how fares your uncle ?

Percy. I had thought,
My lord, to have learn'd his health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the queen ?

Percy. No, my good lord, he hath forsook the
court,

Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd
The household of the king.

North. What was his reason?
He was not so resolv'd, when last we spake together.

Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor.

But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurg,
To offer service to the duke of Hereford;
And sent me o'er by Berkely, to discover
What power the duke of York hath levy'd there,
Then with direction to repair to Ravenspurg.

North. Have you forgot the duke of Hereford, boy?

Percy. No, my good lord, for that is not forgot
Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now: this is the duke.

Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw and young;
Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm
To more approved service and desert.

Bol. I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be sure,
I count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul, remembering my good friends;
And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompense:
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.

North. How far is 't to Berkley? and what stir
Keeps good old York there, with his warlike men?

Percy. There stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees,
 Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard,
 And in it are the lords—York, Berkley, Seymour—
 None else of name and noble estimate.

Enter Ross and WILLOUGHBY.

North. Here come the lords of Ross and Willoughby.

Bol. Welcome, my friends, I wot your love pursue

A banish'd traitor : all my treasury
 Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
 Shall be your love and labour's recompense.

Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

Will. And far surmounts our labours to attain it.

Bol. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor,
 Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
 Stands for my bounty—But who now comes here ?

Enter BERKLEY.

North. It is my lord of Berkley, as I guess.

Berk. My lord of Hereford, my message is to you.

Bol. My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster ;
 And I am come to seek that name in England ;
 And I must find that title in your tongue,
 Before I make reply to aught you say.

Berk. Mistake me not, my lord, 'tis not my meaning,
 To raze one title of your honour out :

To you, my lord, I come (what lord you will)
 From the most gracious Regent of this land,
 The duke of York, to know what pricks you on
 To take advantage of the absent time,
 And fright our native peace with self-born arms?

Bol. I shall not need transport my words by
 you :

Here comes his grace in person—Noble uncle !

[*Kneels.*]

Enter YORK, attended.

York. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy
 knee,
 Whose duty is deceivable and false.

Bol. My gracious uncle !—

York. I am no traitor's uncle ; and that word—
 grace,

In an ungracious mouth, is but prophane.
 Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs
 Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground?
 And more than so—why have they dar'd to
 march

So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,
 Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war?
 Cam'st thou because the anointed king is hence?
 Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
 And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
 Were I but now the lord of such hot youth,
 As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself,
 Rescu'd the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
 From forth the ranks of many thousand French,
 O, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,
 Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,
 And minister correction to thy fault.

Bol. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault ;
 On what condition stands it, and wherein ?

York. Even in condition of the worst degree,—
In gross rebellion, and detested treason :
Thou art a banished man, and here art come
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms against thy sovereign.

Bol. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Here-
ford ;

But as I come, I come for Lancaster.
And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye :
You are my father, for, methinks, in you I see
Old Gaunt alive : O, then, my father,
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wand'ring vagabond ; my rights and royalties
Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and giv'n away
To upstart unthrifths ? wherefore was I born ?
If that my cousin king, be king of England,
It must be granted, I am duke of Lancaster.
I am deny'd to see my livery here,
And yet my letters patent give me leave ;
My father's goods are all distrain'd and sold.
What would you have me do ? I am a subject,
And challenge law : Attorneys are deny'd me,
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble duke hath been too much
abus'd.

Ross. It stands your grace upon, to do him
right.

York. My lords of England, let me tell you
this,—

I have had a feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right ;
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong—it may not be :

And you that do abet him in this kind,
Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

North. The noble duke hath sworn his coming is
But for his own: and, for the right of that,
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid,
And let him ne'er see joy, that breaks his oath.

York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms;
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak, and all ill left;
But if I could, by Him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoop,
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king:
But, since I cannot, be it known to you,
I do remain as neuter. So fare you well;
Unless you please to enter in the castle,
And there repose you for a while or so.

Bol. An offer, uncle, that we will accept;
But we must win your grace to go with us,
To Bristol castle; which, they say, is held
By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away.

York. It may be, I'll go with you: Yet I'll be-
think me,
For I am loth to break our country's laws.
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are,
Things past redress, are now with me past care.

[*March.*]

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Camp in Wales.

Enter SALISBURY, and a Captain.

Capt. My lord of Salisbury, we have stay'd ten
days,

And hardly kept our countrymen together,
 And yet we hear no tidings of the king;
 Therefore we will disperse ourselves: farewell.

Salis. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welsh-
 man;

The king reposeth in thee all his confidence.

Capt. 'Tis thought the king is dead: we will
 not stay.

The bay trees in our country are all wither'd,
 And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
 The pale fac'd-moon looks bloody on the earth,
 And lean look'd prophets whisper fearful change;
 These signs forerun the death, or fall of kings.
 Farewell: our countrymen are fled and gone,
 As well assur'd, Richard their king is dead.

[*Exit Captain.*]

Salis. Ah! Richard, with the eyes of heavy
 mind,

I see thy glory, like a shooting star,
 Fall to the base earth from the firmament!
 Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
 Witnessing storms to come—
 Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes,
 And crossly to thy good all fortune goes.

[*Exit SALISBURY.*]

SCENE III.

Another Camp at Bristol.

*Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND,
 PERCY, WILLOUGHBY, ROSS, Officers with BUSHY
 and GREEN prisoners.*

Bol. Bring forth those men.—
 Bushy and Green, I will not vex your souls,
 (Since presently your souls must part your bodies),

With too much urging your pernicious lives ;
 For 'twere no charity : yet, to wash your blood
 From off my hands, here in the view of men,
 I will unfold some causes of your death.
 You have misled a prince, a royal king ;
 You have, in manner, with your sinful hours,
 “ Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him ;
 “ Broke the possession of a royal bed,
 “ And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks,
 “ With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul
 wrongs : ”

Myself, a prince by fortune of my birth,
 Near to the king in blood, and near in love,
 Till you did make him misinterpret me,—
 Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
 And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,
 Eating the bitter bread of banishment ;
 While you have fed upon my signories,
 Dispark'd my parks, and fell'd my forest woods ;
 From my own windows torn my household coat,
 Raz'd out my impress, leaving me no sign,
 Save men's opinions, and my living blood,
 To shew the world I am a gentleman.
 This, and much more, condemns you to the
 death.

See them delivered
 To execution and the hand of death.

Bush. More welcome is the stroke of death to
 me,
 Than Bolingbroke to England.—Lords, farewell.

Bol. My lord Northumberland, see them dis-
 patch'd.

[*Exeunt NORTHUMBERLAND and Prisoners.*

Uncle, you say the queen is at your house ;
 For heav'n's sake, fairly let her be intreated ;
 Tell her, I send to her my kind commends ;
 Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I'll straight dispatch
 With letters of your love to her at large.

[*Exit YORK.*]

Bol. Thanks, gentle uncle.
 Now, Henry, steel thy fearful thoughts,
 And change misdoubt to resolution:
 Be what thou hop'st to be: or what thou art
 Resign to death; it is not worth enjoying:
 Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,
 And find no harbour in a royal heart.
 Faster than spring-time showers, comes thought
 on thought,
 And not a thought, but thinks on dignity.
 My brain, more busy than a labouring spider,
 Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
 Now, whilst Richard safely is in Ireland,
 I have stirr'd up in England this black storm,
 By which I shall perceive the commons' minds:
 And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
 Until the golden circuit on my head,
 Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
 Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw:
 Come, my lords, away,
 Awhile to work, and, after, holiday.

[*Flourish.*]

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The Coast of Wales.

[*March.*]

Enter King RICHARD, AUMERLE, Soldiers, &c.

K. Rich. Barkloughly castle, call you this at hand?

Aum. Yea, my good lord : how brooks your
grace the air,

After your tossing on the breaking seas ?

K. Rich. Needs must I like it well : I weep
for joy,

To stand upon my kingdom once again—

Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,

Tho' rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs :

As a long parted mother with her child,

Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in weep-
ing,

So weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,

And do thee favour with my royal hands.

Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,

Nor with thy sweets comfort his rav'nous
sense ;

But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,

And heavy-gaited toads, lye in their way ;

Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,

Which with usurping steps do trample thee.

Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies :

And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,

Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder ;

Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch

Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.—

Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords,

This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones

Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king

Shall falter under foul rebellious arms.

Carl. Fear not, my lord, that power that
made you king,

Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all.

The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd,

And not neglected : else, if heaven would,

And we will not, Heav'n's offer, we refuse,

The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss,
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
Grows strong and great in substance and in power.

K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not,

That when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
In murders, and in outrage, bloody here.
But when, from under this terrestrial ball,
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,

Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves;—
So when this thief, this traitor Bolingbroke,—
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
Shall see us rising in our throne the east,
His treasons shall sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day;
But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough-rude sea,
Can wash the balm from an anointed king;
For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd
To lift sharp steel against our golden crown,
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall—for heaven still guards the right.

Enter SALISBURY.

Welcome, my lord: How far off lies your power?

Sal. Nor near, nor farther off, my gracious
 liege,
 Than this weak arm: discomfort guides my
 tongue,
 And bids me speak of nothing but despair:
 One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,
 Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth:
 O, call back yesterday, bid time return,
 And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men,
 To-day! to-day, unhappy day, too late,
 O'erthrows thy joys, thy fortune, and thy friends;
 For, hearing thou wert dead, the Welshmen all
 Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my liege, why looks your grace
 so pale?

K. Rich. But now, the blood of twenty thou-
 sand men
 Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;
 And, till so much blood thither come again,
 Have I not reason to look pale and dead?

Aum. Comfort, my liege, remember who you
 are.

K. Rich. I had forgot myself: Am I not king?
 Awake, thou coward majesty! thou sleep'st.
 Is not the king's name, forty thousand names?
 Arm, arm, my name, a puny subject strikes
 At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,
 Ye favourites of a king; Are we not high?
 High be our thoughts: I know my uncle York
 Hath power enough to serve our turn:
 But who comes here?

Enter SCROOP.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my
 liege,
 Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him!

K. Rich. Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd ;

The worst is worldly loss, thou canst unfold.

Say, is my kingdom lost ? why, 'twas my care ;

And what loss is it to be rid of care ?

Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we ?

Greater he shall not be ; if he serve God,

We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so :

Revolt our subjects ? that we cannot mend,

They break their faith to God, as well as us.

Cry, woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay,

The worst is death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I, that your highness is so arm'd

To bear the tidings of calamity :

Like an unseasonable stormy day,

Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,

As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears ;

So high above his limits swells the rage

Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land

With hard bright steel, and hearts more hard than steel.

White beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps

Against thy majesty ; boys, with women's voices,

Strive to speak big, and clasp their female joints

In stiff unwieldy arms, against thy crown :

Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows

Of double-fated yew against thy state ;

And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well, thou tell'st a tale so ill :

Where is the earl of Wiltshire ? where is Bagot ?

What is become of Bushy ? where is Green ?

That they have let the dangerous enemy

Measure our confines with such peaceful steps ?

If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.
I warrant they have made peace with Boling-
broke?

Scroop. Peace have they made with him, indeed,
my lord.

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without
redemption!

Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!
Snakes in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my
heart!

Three Judasses, each one thrice worse than Judas!
Would they make peace! Terrible hell make war
Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

Scroop. Again uncure their souls! their peace
is made

With heads, and not with hands: those whom
you curse,

Have felt the worst of death's destroying power,
And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.

Aum. Are Bushy, Green, and the earl of Wilt-
shire dead?

Scroop. Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their
heads.

Aum. Where is the duke my father, with his
power?

K. Rich. No matter where: of comfort no
man speak:

Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs:
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.

Let's choose executors, and talk of wills;—
And yet not so, for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?

Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's;
And nothing can we call our own, but death,
And that small model of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.

For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
 And tell sad stories of the death of kings;
 How some have been depos'd, some slain in war,
 Some haunted by the ghosts they dispossess'd,
 Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping
 kill'd;

All murther'd:—For within the hollow crown
 That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
 Keeps Death his court; and there the antick sits,
 Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;
 Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
 To monarchise, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
 Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
 As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
 Were brass impregnable: and, humour'd thus,
 Comes at the last, and with a little pin,
 Bores through his castle-wall, and—farewell king!
 Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
 With solemn reverence; throw away respect,
 Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty:
 For you have but mistook me all this while:
 I live with bread like you, feel want, like you,
 Taste grief, need friends, like you: subjected
 thus,

How can you say to me—I am a king?

Carl. My lord, wise men, ne'er wail their present woes,

But presently prevent the ways to wail.

Aum. My father hath a power; enquire of him;
 And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Rich. Thou chid'st me well;—Proud Bolingbroke, I come,
 To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
 This ague fit of fear is overblown;

Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?

Scroop. I play the torturer, by small and small,
 To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:—

Your uncle York hath join'd with Bolingbroke,
And all your northern castles yielded up,
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his party.

K. Rich. Thou hast said enough—
Beslrew thee, cousin, which did'st lead me forth
Of that sweet way I was in to despair!
What say you now? what comfort have we now?
By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more.

Aum. My liege, one word—

K. Rich. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers, let them hence;—Away,
From Richard's night, to Bolingbroke's fair day.
[*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

*Wales.**Camp before Flint Castle.*

*Enter BOLINGBROKE, NORTHUMBERLAND,
YORK, &c. &c.*

Bol. So that by this intelligence we learn,
The Welshmen are dispers'd, and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed,
With some few private friends, upon this coast.

North. The news is very fair and good, my
lord ;

Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.

York. It would beseem the lord Northumber-
land

To say—King Richard :—Alack the heavy day,
When such a sacred king should hide his head !

North. Your grace mistakes me ; only to be
brief,

Left I his title out.

York. The time hath been——

Bol. Mistake not, uncle, farther than you
should.

York. Take not, good cousin, farther than you
should,

Lest you mistake ; the heav'ns are o'er your head.

Bol. I know it, uncle, and will not oppose
Myself against their will.—But who comes here ?

Enter PERCY.

Well, Harry, what, will not the castle yield?

Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against thy entrance.

Bol. Royally! How so?
Why, it contains no king?

Percy. Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king—king Richard,
And with him are the lord Aumerle, lord Salis-
bury,

And sir Stephen Scroop.

Bol. Noble lord,
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver:
Harry of Bolingbroke, upon his knees,
Doth kiss king Richard's hands;
And sends allegiance, and true faith of heart,
To his most royal person: hither come
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power,
Provided that my banishment be repeal'd,
And lands restor'd again, be freely granted:
If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood,
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd English-
men:

The which, how far off from the mind of Boling-
broke

It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green lap of fair king Richard's land,
My stooping duty tenderly shall show.

Go, signify as much; while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.

[BOLINGBROKE, YORK, &c. retire—a parle
sounded.]

North. See, see, king Richard doth himself
 appear,
 As doth the blushing discontented sun,
 From out the fiery portal of the east,
 When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
 To dim his glory, and to stain the track
 Of his bright passage to the occident.

Enter King RICHARD, AUMERLE, &c.

K. Rich. We are amaz'd ; and thus long have
 we stood
 To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,
 Because we thought ourself thy lawful king :
 And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
 To pay their awful duty to our presence ?
 If we be not, show us the hand of heav'n,
 That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship.
 For well we know, no hand of blood and bone,
 Can gripe the sacred handle of our scepter,
 Unless he do prophane, steal, or usurp.
 And though you think, that all, as you have done,
 Have torn their souls, by turning them from us,
 And we are barren and bereft of friends ;—
 Yet know,—my master, God the omnipotent,
 Is mustering in his clouds, on our behalf,
 Armies of pestilence ; and they shall strike
 Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,
 That lift your vassal hands against my head,
 And threat the glory of my precious crown.
 Tell Bolingbroke (for yon', methinks, he is)
 That every stride he makes upon my land,
 Is dangerous treason : He is come to ope
 The purple testament of bleeding war :
 But ere the crown he looks for, light in peace,
 Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
 Shall ill become the flower of England's face ;

Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pasture grass with faithful English blood.

North. Harry of Bolingbroke doth kiss thy hand:
His coming hither, hath no further scope,
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees:
Which on the royal party granted once,
His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
To faithful service of your majesty.

K. Rich. Northumberland, say,—thus the king
returns:

His noble cousin is right welcome hither;
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction:
With all the gracious utterance thou hast,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.

[NORTHUMBERLAND goes.]

We do debase us, cousin, do we not,
To look so poorly, and to speak so fair?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die?

Aum. No, my good lord, let's fight with gentle
words.

K. Rich. O God! O God! that e'er this
tongue of mine,
That lay'd the sentence of dread banishment,
On yon proud man, should take it off again,
With words of sooth! O, that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been!
Or not remember what I must be now!

Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bo-
lingbroke.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

K. Rich. What must the king do now? must he submit?

The king shall do it. Must he be depos'd?
The king shall be contented. Must he lose
The name of king? o'God's name, let it go:—
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads;
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage;
My gay apparel for an alms-man's gown,
And my large kingdom for a little grave;
A little, little grave—an obscure grave.
Or I'll be bury'd in the king's highway:
Some way of common tread, where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head;
For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live;
And, bury'd once, why not upon my head?
I talk but idly, and you mock at me—
Most mighty prince, my lord Northumberland,
What says king Bolingbroke? will his majesty
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says, ay.

North. He is here, my lord, to wait upon his king.

Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, and *Attendants.*

Bol. Stand all apart,
And show fair duty to his majesty—
My gracious lord—[*Kneeling.*]

K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee,

To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
Me rather had my heart might feel your love,
Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.

Up, cousin, up: (*Raising him*) your heart is up,
I know,

Thus high at least, altho' your knee be low.

Bol. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Bol. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord, As my true service shall deserve your love.

K. Rich. Well you deserve:—they well deserve to have,

That know the strong'st and surest way to get—
Uncle, give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes,
Tears show their love, but want their remedies.—
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;
For do we must, what force will have us do.—
Set on towards London, cousin, is it so?

Bol. Yea, my good lord.

K. Rich. Then I must not say, no.

[*March.*]

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Garden in the Queen's Court.

*The Queen reclined on a Sopha within an Arbour;
several Ladies attending—one sings the follow-
ing Air.*

What fragrance scents the vernal air!
The woods their loveliest mantles wear;
Who knows what cares await the day,
When ruder gusts shall banish May?
E'en death our valleys may invade—
Be gay: too soon the flow'rs of spring may fade.

The dew-drops o'er the lilies play,
Like orient pearls, like beams of day:

If love and mirth your thoughts engage,
 Attend, (a poet's words are sage),
 While thus you sit beneath the shade,
 Be gay: too soon the flow'rs of spring may fade.

Queen. [*Rises, and comes forward.*] 'Tis well!
 'tis well! we thank your love;
 But thou should'st please me better, would'st
 thou weep.

Lady. I could weep, madam, would it do you
 good.

Queen. And I could weep, would weeping do
 me good,
 And never borrow any tear of thee.

Lady. What can we devise,
 To drive away the heavy thought of care?
 Madam, we'll tell tales.

Queen. Of sorrow, or of joy?

Lady. Of either, madam.

Queen. Of neither, girl:
 For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
 It doth remember me the more of sorrow;
 Or if of grief, being altogether had,
 It brings more sorrow to my want of joy.
 For what I have, I need not to repeat,
 And what I want, it boots not to complain.
 My heart can keep no measure in delight.
 What men are these?

Lady. Only the gardeners, madam.

Queen. Let's step into the shadow of these
 trees:

My wretchedness unto a row of pins,
 They'll talk of state:—so every one doth now,
 Against a change: woe is forerun with woe.

[*Queen and Ladies retire towards the Arbour.*]

Enter two Gardeners.

Gard. Go, bind thou up yon dangling apri-cocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight :
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.
Go thou, and like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too-fast growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth ;
All must be even in our government.
You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

Man. Why should we, in the compass of a pale,
Keep law and form, and due proportion,
Showing as in a model, our firm state ?
When our sea-wall'd garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds ?

Gard. Hold thy peace, man,
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring,
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf :
The weeds that his broad-spreading leaves did
shelter,
That seem'd in eating him, to hold him up,
Are pluck'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke :
I mean the earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

Man. What, are they dead ?

Gard. They are : and Bolingbroke
Hath seiz'd the wasteful king. What pity is it,
That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land,
As we this garden ! We, at time of year,
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit trees,
Lest being overproud in sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself :
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste,

The fruits of duty. All superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live :
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown
down.

Man. What think you then, the king shall be
depos'd ?

Gard. Depress'd he is already : and depos'd,
'Tis doubt he will be : Letters came last night
To a dear friend of the good duke of York's,
That tell black tidings.

[*The Queen starts from her concealment.*]

Queen. O, I am press'd to death through want
of speaking :

Thou Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,
How dares thy tongue sound this displeasing news?
What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee
To make a second fall of cursed man ?
Why dost thou say, king Richard is deposed ?
Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfall ? Say, where, when, and how,
Cam'st thou by these ill-tidings ? Speak, thou
wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, madam ; little joy have I
To breathe this news : yet what I say is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke ; their fortunes both are weigh'd :
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself ;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Besides himself, are all the English peers ;
And with that odds, he weighs king Richard down.
I speak no more than every one doth know ;
Post you to London and you'll find it true.

Queen. Nimble mischance, that art so light of
foot,

Doth not thy embassy belong to me,
And am I last that knows it ? O, thou think'st

To serve me last, that I may longest keep
 Thy sorrow in my breast.—Where shall I turn?
 E'en now I see him as one upon a rock,
 Environ'd with a wilderness of sea,
 Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
 Expecting ever, when some envious surge
 Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.—
 I will hence, to meet my lovely Richard.
 What, was I born to this, that my sad look,
 Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke.—
 “Gardener, for telling me this news of woe,
 “I would the plants thou graft'st, may never
 grow.” [*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*

Gard. So that thy state might be no worse,
 poor queen!

I would my skill were subject to thy curse.
 Here did she drop a tear: here in this spot
 I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace.
 Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
 In true remembrance of a weeping queen.

[*Exit Gardener.*

SCENE III.

A Palace.

Enter BOLINGBROKE and Attendants.

Bol. My countrymen, my loving followers,
 Friends that have been thus forward in my right,
 I thank you all;
 And to the love and favour of my country,
 Commit myself, my person, and my cause.

Enter YORK, attended.

York. Great duke of Lancaster, I come to
 thee

From plume-pluck'd Richard, who with willing
soul,

Adopts thee heir, and his high scepter yields
To the possession of thy royal hand:—
Ascend his throne, descending now from him;
And long live Henry, of that name the Fourth.

Bol. In heaven's name, I'll ascend the regal
throne.

Fetch hither Richard, that in common view,
He may surrender, so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.

York. I will be his conduct. [*Exit YORK, &c.*]

Bol. By this—

All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears,
Which now import their danger,
Will then be nothing.—O, may I never
To this great purpose, that so fairly shows,
Dream of impediment.—Now, Richard, now,
Further this act, and sway my great design.

*Re enter YORK, with King RICHARD; Attendants,
with the Regalia.*

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee;
Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me
To this submission.

To do what service, am I sent for hither?

York. To do that office of thine own good will,
Which tir'd majesty did make thee offer—
The resignation of thy state and crown,
To Henry Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. Give me the crown:—Here, cousin,
seize the crown,
Here, on this side, my hand, on that side, thine:

Now mark me,—how I will undo myself :—
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy scepter from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart ;
With mine own tears, I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown ;
All pomp and majesty I do forswear ;
My manors, rents, revenues, I forego :
My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny :
Heav'n pardon all oaths, that are broke to me,
And keep all vows unbroke, are made to thee.
What more remains ?—

North. No more, but that you read
These accusations, and these grievous crimes,
Committed by your person, and your followers,
Against the state and profit of this land ;
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

K. Rich. Must I do so ? and must I ravel out,
My weav'd up follies ? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not shame thee, in so fair a troop,
To read a lecture on them ? If thou would'st,
There should'st thou find one heinous article,
Containing the deposing of a king,
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven.

North. My lord, dispatch: read o'er these articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot
see,
And yet salt water blinds them not so much,
But they can see a sort of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor, with the rest :
For I have given here my soul's consent

To undeck the pompous body of a king ;
 Made glory base ; a sovereign a slave ;
 Proud majesty made a subject ; state a peasant !

North. My lord !

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught, insulting man,

Nor no man's lord : I have no name, no title,—
 No, not that name was given me at the font,—
 But 'tis usurp'd : Alack the heavy day,
 That I have worn so many winters out,
 And know not now what name to call myself !
 O ! that I were a mockery king of snow,
 Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
 To melt myself away in water drops !
 Good king, great king, (and yet not greatly good) ;
 And if my word be sterling yet in England,
 Let it command a mirror hither straight,
 That it may show me what a face I have,
 Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

Bol. Go, some of you, and fetch a looking-glass. [*Exit Attendant.*]

North. Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth come.

K. Rich. Fiend ! thou torment'st me ere I come to hell.

Bol. Urge it no more, my lord Northumberland.

North. The commons will not then be satisfy'd.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfy'd ! I'll read enough,

When I do see the very book indeed
 Where all my sins are writ, and that's—myself.

Enter Attendant, with a Glass.

Give me that glass, and therein will I read—
 No deeper wrinkles yet ? hath sorrow struck

So many blows upon this face of mine,
 And made no deeper wounds ? O flattering glass !
 Like to my followers in prosperity,
 Thou dost beguile me.—Was this face, the face,
 That every day, under his household roof,
 Did keep ten thousand men ? Was this the face,
 That, like the sun, did make beholders wink ?
 Was this the face, that fac'd so many follies,
 And was at last out-fac'd by Bolingbroke ?
 A brittle glory shineth in this face :—
 As brittle as the glory, is the face,
 For there it is [*Dashing it to the ground*] crack'd
 in a hundred shivers—

Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport ;—
 How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

Bol. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd
 The shadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again—
 The shadow of my sorrow ? Ha ! let's see—
 'Tis very true, my grief lies all within ;
 And these external manners of lament
 Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
 That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul :
 There lies the substance : and I thank thee, king,
 For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
 Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
 How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
 And then be gone, and trouble you no more—
 Shall I obtain it ?

Bol. Name it, my fair cousin.

K. Rich. Fair cousin ? I am greater than a king :
 For when I was king, my flatterers
 Were then but subjects ; being now a subject,
 I have a king here to my flatterer.
 Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Bol. Yet ask,

K. Rich. And shall I have ?

Bol. You shall.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.

Bol. Whither?

K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sight.

Bol. Go, some of you, convey him to the Tower.

K. Rich. O good! convey! conveyers are you all;

That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.

[*Exeunt K. RICHARD, Lords, and Guard.*]

Bol. On Wednesday next, we solemnly set down,

Our coronation: Lords, prepare yourselves.

[*Exeunt NORTHUMBERLAND, and Lords.*]

Bol. Thus far my fortune keeps an upward course,

And I am grac'd with wreaths of majesty—

How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown,

Within whose circuit is Elysium,

And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.

Ah! majesty! who would not buy thee dear?—

Let them obey, who know not how to rule.

Now am I seated as my soul delights,

And all my labours have as perfect end

As I could wish—the crown, the crown is mine.

Fortune, I acquit thee—let come what may,

I'll ever thank thee for this glorious day! *Exit.*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

A Room in the Duke of York's Palace.

Enter YORK and AUMERLE.

Aum. My Lord, you told me you would tell
the rest,

When weeping made you break the story off,
Of our two cousins coming into London.

York. Where did I leave?

Aum. At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude misgovern'd hands, from window-
tops,

Threw dust and rubbish on king Richard's head.

York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Bo-
lingbroke,

Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,
With slow but stately pace, kept on his course,
While all tongues cry'd—God save thee, Boling-
broke!

You wou'd have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old,
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage; and that all the walls,
With painted imagery, had said at once—
Heav'n preserve thee! Welcome Bolingbroke!
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespake them thus—I thank you, countrymen.
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

Aum. Alas ! poor Richard, where rides he the while ?

York. As in the theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious :—
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's
eyes

Did scowl on Richard : no man cry'd, God save
him ;

No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home ;
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head ;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,—
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience !—
That had not heav'n, from some strong purpose,
steel'd

The hearts of men, they must perforce have
melted,

And barbarism itself, have pity'd him.

Aum. Ah ! gracious lord, these days are dan-
gerous !

Virtue is choak'd with foul ambition,
And charity chac'd hence by rancour's hand,
Foul subornation is predominant,
And equity exil'd this once happy land.

York. To Bolingbroke are we now sworn
subjects,

Whose state and honour I for aye allow.
Therefore let's hence ;—what cannot be avoided,
'Twere childish weakness to lament, or fear.

Aum. Would that my fear were false ! Oh,
that it were,
For, good king Richard, thy decay I fear.

SCENE II.

*A Street leading to the Tower.**Enter Queen, and Attendants.*

Queen. This way the king will come; this is
the way

To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected Tower;
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke:
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true king's queen.
But soft, but see, or rather, do not see,
My fair rose wither: yet look up: behold,
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true love tears.

Enter King RICHARD, guarded.

Ah! thou, the model where old Troy did stand:
Thou map of honour, thou king Richard's tomb,
And not king Richard: thou most beauteous inn,
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee?

K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair woman, do
not so,

To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream,
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are,
Shews us but this—I am sworn brother, sweet,
To grim necessity; and he and I
Will keep a league till death.

Queen. What, is my Richard both in shape
and mind

Transform'd and weaken'd? Hath proud Boling-
broke

Depos'd thine intellect? Hath he been in thy
heart?

The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,

And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
 To be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
 Take thy correction mildly? kiss the rod,
 And fawn on rage with base humility;
 Which art a lion, and a king of beasts?

K. Rich. A king of beasts, indeed; if aught
 but beasts,
 I had been still a happy king of men.
 Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for
 France,
 And cloister thee in some religious house—
 Think, I am dead; and that even here thou
 tak'st,
 As from my death-bed, my last living leave.
 In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire
 With good old folks; and let them tell thee tales
 Of woful ages long ago betid;
 And, ere thou bid'st good night, to quit their
 grief,
 Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
 And send the hearers weeping to their beds.
 For why? the senseless brands will sympathize
 The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
 And in compassion, weep the fire out:
 And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
 For the deposing of a rightful king.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, &c.

North. My lord, there's an order come from
 Bolingbroke,
 For your close confinement.
 And, madam,
 With all swift speed you must away to France.

K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder, where-
 withal
 The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,

The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption : thou shalt think,
Tho' he divide the realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all ;
And he shall think, that thou, which know'st
the way

To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way,
To pluck him headlong from th' usurped throne.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there an
end.

Take leave, and part ; for you must part forth-
with.

Queen. And must we be divided ? Must we
part ?

Banish us both, and send the king with me.

K. Rich. Doubly divorc'd ! Bad men, ye vio-
late

A twofold marriage, 'twixt my crown and me,
And then betwixt me and my marry'd wife.

Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me ;

And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.

Part us, Northumberland, for ever part us—

Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here.

Queen. O let me entreat thee, cease—Give me
thy hand,

That I may dew it with my mournful tears ;

Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,

To wash away my woful monuments.

If I depart from thee, I cannot live ;

And in thy sight to die, what were it else

But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap ?

Here could I breathe my soul into the air,

As mild and gentle as the cradle babe ;

When from thy sight, I shall be raging mad :

From thee to die, were torture more than death.

K. Rich. O, now farewell, and farewell life
with thee!

Queen. And take my heart with thee along.

K. Rich. A jewel lock'd into the wofull'st cask
That ever did contain a gem of worth :
Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we—
This way fall I for death—

Queen. This way for me.

[*Exeunt severally, guarded.*]

SCENE III.

A Palace.

Enter BOLINGBROKE.

Now climbeth Bolingbroke Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot, and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack or lightning's flash,
Advanc'd above pale envy's threat'ning reach ;
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the Zodiac in his glistening car,
And overlooks the highest peering hills.
How now, my lord, what is the matter?

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

North. My liege, the queen refuses to obey
Your royal mandate, nor will depart, she says,
From England, till another interview
Is granted her with Richard.—And this way,
Almost frantic with her grief, she seeks you.

Enter Queen, and Attendant.

Lady. Be comforted, dear madam.

Queen. No, I will not—

All strange and terrible events are welcome,

But comforts we despise ; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.—Where is this Boling-
broke.

Lady. Let me intreat you, moderate your grief,

Queen. Why tell you me of moderation ?

The grief is fine, full perfect that I taste,
How can I moderate it ?

Lady. Behold the king.

Queen. High Bolingbroke ! upon my feeble
knee,

I beg this boon with tears not lightly shed ;
And never will I rise up from the ground,
Never go from hence, till you do grant
Permission to attend my dying husband,
For so my heart presages.—Noblest of men !
And must I, shall I, can I here abide
In this dull world when thou hast left it ?
O, that the thought should make so deep a wound,
And yet detested life not shrink thereat !

Bol. Rise up, good queen—have thy desire at
full ;

The anguish of thy bosom pierces to my heart :
Go some of you, conduct her to her lord.

Queen. O quickly, then—my Richard dies this
moment.

Lend me ten thousand eyes, and I will fill them
With prophetic tears—O, my ever-lov'd !
If yet thy gentle soul fly in the air,
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
Till I have printed on thy clay-cold lips
A dying kiss ! shed tears upon thy face,
The last true duties of thy noble wife ;
And then united, make death proud to take us.

[*Exeunt Queen, &c.*]

Bol. These miseries are more than may be
borne—

Why, Richard, have I follow'd thee to this?
 Sated ambition! Nature's powerful voice
 Arrests thy arm, and thou must now submit.
 I'll follow to the Tower the wretched queen,
 And there with joy, with pleasure will resign
 The rich advantage of my promis'd glory,
 If by the deed I can alleviate
 The bleeding sorrows of the royal pair,
 And, by restoring them their crown and dignity,
 Atone in small degree for all the horrors
 Which, O shame! they have endur'd through me.
[Exit.

SCENE IV.

The Tower.

Enter EXTON, and two Followers.

Exton. This is my purpose, and the reason why
 I brought you hither, which this night,
 With your assistance, I will execute;
 Nor can there be a doubt of our reward.
 Did'st thou not mark the king, what words he
 spake?

Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?
 Was it not so?

Foll. Those were his very words.

Exton. Have I no friend? quoth he, he spake
 it twice,
 And urg'd it twice together; did he not?

Foll. He did.

Exton. And speaking it, he wistly look'd on
 me,
 As who should say—I would thou wert the man
 That would divorce this terror from my heart,
 Meaning king Richard.

Foll. We'll rid him of his fear.

Exton. But, sirs, we must in the execution

Be quick and sudden—Do not hear him plead ;
For Richard is well spoken, and perhaps
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

Foll. Talkers are no doers ; be assur'd
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

Exton. He comes this way, let us withdraw
awhile ;

When time serves, be steady and determinate.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter King RICHARD.

I have been studying, how to compare
This prison where I live, unto the world :
And, for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it ;—Yet I'll hammer 't out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul,
My soul the father : And these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts, people this little world ;
In humours, like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better sort,—
As thoughts of things divine,—are intermixt
With scruples, and do set the word itself,
Against the word :
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders : how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls :
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselves,—
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not be the last ; like silly beggars,
Who sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame—
That many have, and others must sit there.
Thus play I, in one person, many people,
And none contented : sometimes am I king ;

Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am: then crushing penury
Persuades I was better when a king:
Then am I king'd again; and, by and by,
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing!—

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal prince!

K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer:
What art thou? and how cam'st thou hither, man,
Where no man ever comes, but that sad dog
That brings me food, to make misfortune live?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,
When thou wert king.

With much ado, at length I've gotten leave
To look upon my sometime master's face.

O, how it yearn'd my heart, when I beheld
In London streets, that coronation day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary!

That horse, that thou so often hast bestrid:
That horse that I so carefully have dress'd!

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? tell me, gentle
friend,

How went he under him?

Groom. So proudly, as if he disdain'd the
ground.

K. Rich. So proud, that Bolingbroke was on
his back!

That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand!
This hand hath made him proud with clapping
him.

Would he not stumble? Would he not fall down,
(Since pride must have a fall), and break the neck
Of that proud man, that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,

Wast born to bear ? I was not made a horse ;
And yet I bear a burthen like an ass,
Spur-gall'd and tir'd by jauncing Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper, with a Dish.

Keeper. Fellow, give place : here is no longer stay.

K. Rich. If thou dost love me, leave this fatal place,
And blessings on thy heart for looking on me,
For 'tis a sign of love ; and love to Richard,
Is a strange broach in this all-hating world.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say. [*Exit Groom.*]

Keeper. The meat, my lord :—wilt please you to fall to ?

K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou wert wont to do.

Keeper. My lord, I dare not ; for sir Piers of Exton,
Who late came from the king, commands the contrary.

K. Rich. Out on thee, slave, what means this insolence ?
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

[*Strikes him.*]

Keeper. Help ! help ! help !

Enter EXTON, and Followers—Attack the King.

K. Rich. How now ? What means death in this rude assault ?
Villain, thy own hand yields thy death's instrument.

[*Snatches a Sword—EXTON comes behind, and stabs him—RICHARD falls.*]

K. Rich. That hand shall burn in never-
 quenching fire,
 That staggers thus my person.
 Open thy gates of mercy, gracious heaven!
 My soul flies forth to meet thee. [Dies.]

[Queen, without.]

Queen. Where is my Richard? Quick unbar
 your gates—
 Conduct me to his sight.
 I will not be restrain'd!

The Queen enters.

My king! my husband!
 O horror!—my fears were true, and I am lost!
[Faints.]

Enter BOLINGBROKE, and Lords, with EXTON.

Bol. I thank thee not; thou'st wrought a
 deed
 Of slander on my head, and all the land.
 The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour;
 With Cain go wander through the shades of
 night,
 And never curse me with thy presence more.
 She revives—remove her from the body.

[Queen reviving.]

Queen. Never will we part!—O, you are men
 of stone.
 Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so,
 That heaven's vault should crack! O, he is gone
 for ever.
 A plague upon you!—Murderers!—Traitors
 all!
 [To BOL.] You might have sav'd him—now he
 is lost for ever.

Bol. What words can soothe such aggravated woes!

Queen. O dearest Richard, dearer than my soul,

Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have maddened me—what shall I do,
Now I behold thy lovely body thus?—

Plot some device of further misery,
To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

Bol. Be comforted, and leave this fatal place.

Queen. Why should a dog, a horse, a rat,
have life,

And thou no breath at all? O, thou wilt come
no more,

Never, never, never!

Pray you undo my lace—Thank you.

Do you see this, look on him, look on his lips,
Look there, look there! [Falls.]

Bol. Lords, I protest, my soul is full of grief,
Read not my blemishes in this foul report,
But mourn with me for what I do lament.

I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
To wash this blood from off my guilty hand,
And shed obsequious tears upon their bier.
O, were the sum of those that I should pay,
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them;
But let determin'd things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Thus instructed,
By this example, let princes henceforth learn,
Though kingdoms by just titles prove our own,
The subjects' hearts do best secure a crown.

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